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Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

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"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."
JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

It requires a mighty optimism to snatch a crumb of Anarchistic comfort out of the result of the late presidential election, but Mr. Byington's appears to be equal to the strain, judging from his well-reasoned article on the subject in this number of Liberty. "No wave without its flotsam," saith the old Persian proverb.

Cyrus W. Coolridge, the "Truth Seeker's" quondam reporter of the Manhattan Liberal Club's meetings, has submitted to self-suppression as long as it was tolerable, and "The New Optimism" is the result. The pamphlet contains sixteen pages of rational pessimism, in which Don Quixote has been done tardy justice, and in which, morever, some of the modern prototypes of the valiant knight are gently lampooned. "As a matter of fact," says Coolridge, "you cannot have too much faith, even in yourself"; and then he straightway attempts to prove that you can, and that most of us lose it only at death. Perhaps so; but it is a good thing that we do not lose it sooner.

Louise Michel is dead—that is, if the newspapers are not mistaken about it again. And thus passes off the revolutionist stage one of the most remarkable figures that have trudged across it in the last half century. She was a unique character, and will remain so in this age, and perhaps in all others. History will doubtless misjudge her, just as the newspaper obituaries have misrepresented her; but the central purpose of her life was perfectly clear to all who took the slightest trouble to understand her. While her methods were not those of Liberty, it must be admitted that her aims were those that have been sought by even earnest followers of the Lowly One. She followed her heart rather than her head,—except, perhaps, when her head, too, followed her heart.

The bureau of immigration has come near perpetrating another Turner case. This time it was an English Socialist who was held up on Ellis Island for a time—until some of the newspapers sounded a note of warning. The New York "Sun," in particular, made some pretty severe remarks upon the stupidity and worse of the immigration officials. "We don't admire Socialism," it says, "but we admire a good deal less the ignorance of the immigration officials." In the first place, the special board of inquiry tried to make Bishop (the Socialist immigrant in question) confess to Anarchism. This he protested against, although he admitted that he knew John Turner, but that the latter's views were too radical for him. Failing at this point, the board decided to deport Bishop because he had only twelve dollars and was therefore likely to become a public charge; then, realizing the absurdity of this contention, as the man was young and strong and had a good trade, they decided that he ought to be deported because his views "protruded on Anarchism." When this point was reached the ridicule of the saner newspapers was so great that the bureau withdrew its objections altogether and Bishop was permitted to land. And thus Ellis Island has been saved from a "protrusion upon Anarchism," and the country has escaped the humiliation of again becoming the laughing-stock of sensible people, although the immigration bureau has not wasted the opportunity to advertise its asininity to the world.

Everybody knows of the outrages that have been committed by some of the private societies that have been endowed with legal power to make arrests and interfere generally with individual rights. All this we know to be bad, and it cannot be too strongly denounced. That there is another side to the matter has been overlooked by many who have felt only just indigation at some of the arbitrary proceedings of these societies. Champe S. Andrews, in the "Forum" for December, calls attention to another aspect of the matter, although apparently unconscious of the Anarchistic argument which he makes. His main contention is that the societies' excuse for being lies in the fact that they are capable of doing a work that cannot be performed otherwise, the regular police authorities having demonstrated their inability to do it. Mr. Andrews quotes the court of appeals on the subject as follows: "All the things it [the society for the prevention of cruelty to children] does or can do would naturally and primarily devolve upon the police department, and the society exists only because it can do the work of the police more efficiently than they can." It is further argued that, if the police were really to undertake to cover the ground which the various societies care for, it would cost very much more, which cost would have to be met by the public treasury. As it is, it is less difficult to secure contributions for a specific purpose, especially from those touched by the motives of those engaged in the work, than it is to create enthusiasm for the enforcement of law in a general way. The agents of the several societies are specialists in their line of work, and can accomplish vastly more than ordinary police officers. This has always been the Anarchistic contention,—that private associations for defence were more reliable than public police protection. In witness whereof it may be adduced that no large manufacturing or commercial industry depends in the least upon the alleged protection afforded by government. It provides its own watchmen and detectives and usually employs the services of some private fire alarm company. Thus the Gerry society, with all its faults and all its outrages (the latter becoming possible only through the powers conferred upon the society by government), has given us a little object lesson in Anarchism.

To the Unbeliever.

Is it too much to lay
  Your unbelief aside
Just for this one brief day,
  Just for His sake who died
Nailed to the cruel tree,
  There where the darkness fell?
Is it too much, since He
  Gave so freely and well?

Is it too much to give
  Him they could crucify
For teaching men how to live,
  For showing them how to die?
Humbly He came, and so
  He went on His righteous way.
Is it too much to throw
  Doubt aside for to-day?

Is it too much to bow
  Humbly a little while?
Think of His bleeding brow,
  See His pitying smile!
He gave us His all and took
  Nothing but sin away;
Is it too much to look
  Upward with love to-day?
—*S. E. Kiser* (in "Chicago Herald").

REPLY.

It *is* too much to lay
  My unbelief aside,
Until I see the way
  With Reason as a guide.
Why should I follow you,
  And you not follow me?
In what you deem so true,
  I but a myth can see.

It *is* too much to give
  Blind faith to *any* man.
The truest way to live,
  Each for himself must plan.
Who taught mankind to die?
  No man. 'Tis Nature's way;
And each, with smile or sigh,
  Death's price will have to pay.

It *is* "too much to bow,
  Humbly, a little while,"
Till Reason shows me how.
  Then, gladly—without guile.
I bow the mind to none,
  Nor yield a faith that's blind.
Of creeds I know but one—
  GOOD-WILL TO ALL MANKIND.
W. W. Catlin.

Liberty.

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NEW YORK, N. Y., FEBRUARY, 1905.

"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the excisemen, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel."—PROUDHON.

☞ The appearance in the editorial column of articles over other signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

Nomism and the Republican Vote.

"It is as deep as a well, and as wide as a church door, and 'tis enough," said the "Evening Post," a Parker organ, after election. It ought to be enough, by the amount of show it made, to draw some inferences from.

Since the publication of the details shewing how little Roosevelt ran ahead of a normal republican vote (inferred from McKinley's in 1900), there has been a disposition to take what I may perhaps call the western view of this election, and say that it was an anti-Parker majority rather than a Roosevelt majority. This interpretation has an air of unusual wisdom and carefulness which strikes me as rather superficial. In the first place, it is an undue flattering of the republican party to call McKinley's vote normal. McKinley polled an abnormally large republican vote, and whatever Roosevelt gained over that was super-abnormal. Besides, Roosevelt's gain was made in the face of influences tending to reduce his vote, and particularly in the face of the quietness of the campaign and the feeling that the election was a sure thing anyhow. If the essential fact is that Roosevelt merely brought out the normal republican vote while the democrats staid at home,—which is practically what these philosophers tell us,—then Roosevelt's success in bringing out the habitual republicans under such circumstances is even more amazing and significant than the size of his majority. The politician who learns the art of getting the voters of his party to come to the polls in a quiet year will have a brilliant and unique career. But, in fact, I can see not the least reason for the assumption that the stay-at-homes were all democrats. When you assume this, you thereby greatly increase the difficulty of accounting for the sensational successes of democratic gubernatorial candidates. We have every reason, except the mere size of the vote, for supposing that a good share of the abnormal stay-at-home vote was republican. Now if we add to Roosevelt's vote any reasonable percentage of this abnormal stay-at-home vote, or make any other reasonable allowance for the difference between a hot campaign and a cold one, we shall find the pro-Roosevelt vote big enough to philosophize over. And indeed, even if the election were nothing at all but a boycott on Parker, the failure of the anti-Roosevelt party to go to the polls would deserve attention as a peculiar readiness to acquiesce in Roosevelt. Therefore, while I admit that the election shows that there is less room in the country for two republican parties than for one republican and one other, I also think that it deserves attention in its Roosevelt aspect.

There need be no hesitancy, I think, about drawing both inferences. That is one of the delights in theorizing about such a big majority, it is big enough to support any number of entirely unrelated conclusions, and support them every one the more firmly for this. For, if some influences had been effective on one side and some on the other, such an utterly one-sided result is all the harder to explain. A landslide like this absolves us from seeking for the one cause of the outcome by requiring us to assume that all visible causes were in alliance, or at least that those which were not active on the winning side were practically inactive. So we may say of each thing that the American public knows or believes about Roosevelt, that we now know the public reckons it either as a merit or at least not as an objection worth attention.

We may then give our attention to whichever consideration interests us, setting aside the rest, without fear that we are running into a misinterpretation. We may pass over the really conspicuous qualities of sincerity and efficiency which the public (including me) believes the man to have, and give our regard to his lawlessness.

It might indeed have been said before the campaign that the public had paid no attention to his lawlessness. Even that would have been significant. But the campaign made them chargeable with knowledge. In the first place, the democrats put up a man who was, to an unusual degree, in temper as well as in profession, the representative of law, so that this point of Roosevelt's character was emphasized by contrast. Then, in their campaign, they found this the most vulnerable point, aside from his militarism and imperialism, for personal assault against him; so their editors made it a policy to keep us reminded of the instances, neither few nor slight, of internal and international lawlessness in his administration of the presidency. Whereupon the voters voted for him, in preference to a man devoted to law, by the largest majority you choose to imagine.

This would of itself go far to show that the public has no great regard for "the law." All the more is this true when you add this election to the other facts which have already, by their mere force as facts, made the cry of national lawlessness one of the commonest among us. See the December "McClure's" for instance.*

Add this election to the lynchings, the failures to convict criminals, the open opposition of the press to the enforcement of unpopular laws, the brazen violation of the laws by the great corporations, etc., and the presumption that Americans no longer care much for "the law" begins to grow strong. I use quotation marks, for some of these phenomena point rather to a disposition to displace official law by unofficial law than to a real abandonment of law as such. But the latter element certainly enters in, too.

Mr. McClure has undertaken to prove this from notorious facts about ordinary crime, without noticing how the election came to his help. And the weight of his article lies largely in that which makes it at first seem worthless, in its character as a mere heaping up of newspaper clippings to prove what everybody is saying. When to these familiar facts you add the new fact that the voters deliberately vote that they do not care to have their president law-abiding, it is time for Anarchists to see whether this concerns them.

Eltzbacher in his "Der Anarchismus" classifies the foremost Anarchist leaders from all points of view, and among the rest as "nomistic" (partisans of law) or "anomistic" (against law). Anomistic Anarchism is represented, he finds, by Godwin, Stirner, and Tolstoy; nomistic Anarchism, by Proudhon, Bakunin, Kropotkin, and Tucker. I am afraid that we nomistic Anarchists cannot afford to rejoice so much in the anomistic tendencies of the public as the public will expect us to. They are not coming so much our way as some of them think they are. Nevertheless, if things go on at this rate we shall come within the twentieth century to a "new deal" which will give fresh opportunities to every type of innovation. Besides, people can hardly break away from the established system of law without losing much of the superstition of government; and, if they lose this superstition, though they may retain the temper and disposition of government, it will be the easier to reason with them. Again, the stubbornest conservative will admit that we can hardly have the evils of lawlessness without being compensated in some greater or less measure by a growth of the habit of independence, a virtue which interests Anarchists not a little. We may find the profit on our side in the end, then. Indeed, just as a body lying on a slope finds every possible motion helping it on in one direction, the direction which gravitation favors, I think the natural forces of society are so much on our side that every movement must slide things our way.

Another point. We have had many military presidents. I do not think we took notice, at first, that now we had a president whose most conspicuous public service before had been in the police department. But the country seems now to be beginning to recognize the very large policeman element in the personality

* The lack of detailed accuracy in Mr. McClure's article is evident enough by comparing his clippings with each other in the matter of their statistics. Otherwise some of its details would be notable. Were we convinced, for instance, that, in Georgia, only one homicide in a hundred is punished, we could hardly help inferring that the amount of security to life derived from a one-per-cent. enforcement of the law cannot be worth the expense, pecuniary, political, and moral, of keeping up the machinery of the law; in other words, that Georgia, without any attempt at regular punishment of murder, would be a better place to live in than Georgia is now. Then, since going into Georgia is not reckoned much of a calamity by most people, it would be obvious to inquire whether the advantage of another State over Georgia now—let alone the improved Georgia without a law against murder—is worth what government costs us. But I hardly think that Georgia judge can have been right in his figures. However, this does not affect the value of Mr. McClure's article as an index to the state of the public mind on this point; and many of his statistics are known to be the best accessible in their line.

of our present president. If they will put two and two together, they may find here a side indication of the amount of lawlessness in the American policeman type in general. And when we recognize Roosevelt's character as a police president, and that even his lawlessness is a part of that character, this may settle the question whether the victory of lawlessness is an Anarchist victory. For, whatever may be our views about the merits of voluntary police in a free society, I think we agree pretty well in regarding the existing police with about the same amount of admiration as they have for us. STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

Love, Nature, and Law.

Anarchists are not a rich class. Few of them buy $6 books, and I have no notion that many of the readers of Liberty will see the volume recently published by our friend and comrade, Charles Erskine Scott Wood, of Portland. This is a pity, and for their especial benefit, if not for the benefit of "the general reader," a popular, low-priced edition of this unique and extraordinary work should be brought out.

"A Masque of Love" is the title of the book, and love is the theme, burden, and *raison d'être* of this literary symphony. The medium is poetic prose, with occasional lyrical "numbers." No, the word symphony is not the right one. Rather has Mr. Wood given us a music drama, written in recitative and *arioso* with set melodies where the situation calls for the highest emotional expression.

The first part of the "masque" treats of natural, spontaneous, pagan love and passion, of the irresistible attraction of man for woman and woman for man when there is freedom to yield to impulse and desire and when human beings —naked, unashamed, pure, innocent—love as "the birds sing"—and love.

In the second part we are shown the effects of love fettered, "legalized," imprisoned, and perverted by superstition and false morality. There is portrayed a struggle between man-made law and passion, with jealousy, cruelty, murder, and all manner of discord as the results of violence to the laws of nature. In the third, men and women have emancipated themselves from the thraldom of folly and ignorance and have learned to live in fellowship, affection, and healthy but refined "civilized" gratification of their sexual desires. There is a reversion to freedom, but with a difference, as all reversions under the evolutionary process are characterized by some differences. We cannot return to "a state of nature," but we can live up to our developed intelligence and emotional nature.

Upon the philosophy of the "masque" it is unnecessary to dwell in these pages. Some fancy they detect inconsistencies in this philosophy, but the truth is that they have not apprehended Mr. Wood's philosophy. Unlike our only G. B. S., Mr. Wood does not furnish a preface twice as long as the masque explanatory of the meaning of every character, scene, situation, etc. And his philosophy of love, and of human relations in general, cannot be grasped without thought and some preliminary knowledge of the school to which he belongs.

In Liberty, to repeat, not the matter but the manner, not the substance but the form of the "masque" needs to be discussed. Is the volume poetic? Is it beautiful? Does it appeal to the esthetic faculty?

My own answer is that, as a work of art, it lacks unity and power, though full of passages of rare beauty, noble simplicity, and literary strength. Mr. Wood rises to splendid heights, but the only sustained flight is his first part—by far the most finished, though perfectly spontaneous, and poetic of the three In the second there is monotony, and the note of hysteria, legitimate enough, is struck too soon There is no development, and, as has been said, "no development, no drama." The third part is weak in another sense. It has variety in abundance, but it produces an impression of confusion.

Another criticism may be ventured. Magdalen in the second part and Alfred in the third are too "learned." They preach too much and too definitely. Mr. Wood puts too many of his ideas in the mouths of his characters. This is a trifle, but a characteristic trifle. In one scene, where Magdalen through her own confession invites death for the murder of her husband, the prosecuting attorney is made to say: "May it please the court, we do object. There will be a proper time for this; not now." And again, a moment later: "But we object. The prosecution has not closed."

This, I have no doubt, is excellent law, but it is out of place in poetry, which spares us dry detail and routine. Mr. Wood is a precise and logical thinker, and he carries his mental habits into poetry, where passion, sweep, exaltation forbid the process.

It should be added, however, that Mr. Wood deliberately disregards all distinctions of "*genre*," just as he deliberately uses discordant, unpoetic words and phrases. He dislikes "linked sweetness drawn out," and has little respect for rules. This is well, but form is form and art, art.

But, withal, Mr. Wood has given us a striking and vital work, one showing remarkable command of poetic expression and replete with passages of power and beauty. Few more virile, original, and interesting volumes have found their way into print in recent years. (Published by Walter M. Hill, Chicago.)

S. R.

Love and Justice.

"All things in the economic world belong to all men. No thing in the economic world belongs to any man." This is Communism. Everybody knows that. It doesn't have to be labeled. Yet it is labeled. It is a part of a communal chant. From "Chants Communal." By Horace Traubel. (Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.) Time was when Traubel sounded the note individualistic. Vaguely, perhaps. With the air of mysticism. For Traubel is a mystic. He has said so. From mysticism to sentimentalism. The road is short. It is soon traveled. Traubel has traveled it. It is his heart that talks. It is his heart that reasons. Or tries to reason. It is the reasoning of love. Love is good. But it does not conquer all things. It makes mistakes. Very often gets lost. Still more often is unjust. Traubel sings for justice. Pleads for love. But. And the but is in the way. But love is not justice. They do not go hand in hand. Not necessarily. Each one can exist without the other. And thrive. "What is your own?" is another "Chant." Its burthen is that nothing is your own. Except love. But how about justice? "I want justice to start right now, here, with you, with me." It is love that often says nay. Traubel must not forget that. "Justice was on the spot appointed. But you did not appear. You sent excuses. Or defaulted without a word." Are we guilty? All of us. Perhaps we were in love. And "love is what is your own," you know. But justice does not come through love. Otherwise we should have it. It would be omnipresent. For love is the first gift that we receive. And justice is the first thing that is denied us. And from "Forever First of All" through "The Heart of Matter Is Heart" to "It All Amounts to This" Traubel would leave us where he found himself. In a Communistic maze of mysticism and metaphysics. But I will not remain there. "The Air is Close." Yes. The air is close. I must breathe pure air. Fresh air. Air in which the head and not the heart does the thinking. I want justice. With love, if possible. If not, then without. Even with hate. C. L. S.

Josiah Warren and His Work.

Josiah Warren, as Liberty's readers know, was the original founder and teacher of Philosophical Anarchism in America. A scion of the Massachusetts puritan house of Warren, which numbers among its many distinguished members the revolutionary hero of Bunker Hill, Gen. Joseph Warren, Josiah, who was born in Boston toward the close of the eighteenth century, became one of the most noted social reformers of his time.

As the exponent of the doctrine of Individual Sovereignty and Cost the Limit of Price, he blazed the path which Liberty, for twenty-five years, has followed as its chosen field. Warren began his sociological experiments with Robert Owen at New Harmony. At the age of twenty-seven he became convinced of the futility of all communistic schemes, and with remarkable steadfastness of purpose devoted his life thereafter to the championship of complete individualism in economics and politics,—that is, Anarchism.

To this end he started papers, time stores, and colonies. He was also an inventive genius of no mean achievements. His pioneer work in mechanical devices, designed to simplify and cheapen the art of printing in order to facilitate the dissemination of his new ideas, resulted in the roller press, which he invented and made with his own hands a generation before it was universally adopted for producing the modern newspaper.

Warren was an original thinker, who made it his life work to put his theories to the practical test. His services in the cause of liberty were recognized by men so eminent as John Stuart Mill, who embodied many of Warren's views in his own writings. The importance of Warren's experiments, such as his Long Island village of Modern Times, cannot be too highly valued by

those who to-day are interested in social reform.

Most of his writings have long been out of print, and are inaccessible to the student. No life of Warren has ever been published nor had any competent writer attempted a full account of his varied career, his aims, and ideas, until Mr. William Bailie some years ago, realizing the need of such a work, undertook the task. The sources of information were scanty and widely scattered. None of those now living who had met Warren could tell much except what related to his closing years. As a labor of love, with painstaking care, Mr. Bailie slowly gathered the materials from his book from sources contemporary with Warren. The essential facts of Warren's career have been set in their proper order, the development of his views has been luminously traced, and his philosophy subjected to a critical comparison with the teachings of the leading social reformers of the nineteenth century. The book, in its entirety, forms at once a history and an exposition of the principles of Philosophical Anarchism as it grew up indigenous to the American soil.

It is now proposed to publish Mr. Bailie's book, provided sufficient interest is manifested in it, and to this end it is desired to know how many copies will be subscribed for in advance at one dollar each. The book will consist of approximately one hundred and fifty pages. It will be printed on good paper, and will be neatly and substantially bound in cloth, with first-class workmanship in every particular. The payment of subscriptions will not be requested until the book is ready for delivery. Those wishing to subscribe should communicate at once with the editor of Liberty, so that it may be known as soon as possible whether the publication of the book will be warranted. C. L. S.

William Dean Howells has announced his conviction that international copyright, in so far as it exists, is not an unmixed blessing. It has caused the deterioration of American literature, among other things. Howells, who sometimes says what he thinks regardless, has raised a protest in some quarters by this confession of his disappointment in what had long been contended for by authors and by some publishers; but this question is bound sooner or later to be discussed from another standpoint than that of certain commercial interests or that of sentimentalism.

Irrelevancies.

I was glad to find George Gissing's face on the fly-leaf of this copy of "The Odd Women." It suits the book. I have read nothing else from his pen and am told that the other books would please me less. His face is sad, as if his life were a gray one. Poverty was a strong element in making it so? I do not know, but have the impression of that kind of hard times as his fate. And I do not know why I should be reminded of Ruskin when I think of him—for there seems no likeness whatever. There may be in a negative way. You can see at once that he lacked utterly what the Germans call "Humor." But Ruskin did have buoyancy, a quite different thing, but a saving grace which may rescue some moments from despair.

There is a satisfying quality in "The Odd Women," not the satisfaction of completeness, but of reality. It is realistic, in so far as the characters are full of imperfections and foibles. It *is* dramatic, because the eternal conflict in the *now* between what has been and what is to be, is shown in full force; but it is not *apparently* dramatic, there being few sharp effects or critical incidents. It is more full of thought than of action; but there is no preaching. I did not know, when I put the book down, just what George Gissing thereby wished to say; but I was filled with a realizing sense that he had drawn people as they were and life as it is in that phase. And no one had acted very well or risen to an occasion. Everyone dismally failed at times, in contrast with what, in our sweet days of dreaming, we expect of people; but each had been all he could be, and that I saw. I did not think that the author had definitely wished to teach anything, but to lay before us a page of life. If one has previously been impressed with the fact that marriage offers special opportunities for tyranny, one notices its exemplification in Monica's fate. Widdowson's tyranny is perfectly consistent. Any tense and coherent nature, tasting only of narrow joys, cramped and stiffened and stunted by the accepted traditions of the past, becomes, inevitably, in such a crisis, tyrannical. The miserable sickness of jealousy and its still more miserable madness is forcefully presented. The final outbreak of his fury brings no sense of artificial suddenness. He had never questioned his right to Monica as a wife. And what this unquestioning acceptance of a law of possession might make of him, if suddenly brought face to face with an imagined "unfaithfulness," was a reckoning with his own temperament and creed which had never been required of him. "He had waited, longed, for marriage, through half a lifetime." He had offered himself as a husband, in perfect good faith. He could promise this young girl a life full of comfort and pleasant gratification of manifold tastes, of absolute security against want or care, in exchange for her hitherto passive existence of denial and deprivation. He meant to be tender and "indulgent." His assumption that her choices, in detail, would be similar to his own; that a life of routine, without social event or social stimulus, without friendships, or enthusiasms, or any stirring or kindling to growth, would suit her just as it suited him, was hardly an unnatural assumption. We, all of us, ignore the fact that, except in the elemental necessities, human beings are more unlike than like. It will ever be natural for us to believe that others have just the same wants as we have—or that, if they have others, these last are unreasonable.

Monica never said to herself: I am marrying for a roof and bread and clothes and for the comfortable assurance of these for all my future. She was unformed and hated her days as they were. Widdowson offered her his love and she enjoyed the sense of being loved. Moreover, she even admired him and, having never felt a fire in her heart toward anyone, man or woman or child, the mild or negative quality of her attraction did not seem to her insufficient or questionable. Nor did her marriage in its reality on the physical plane, offend her. Perhaps the instinct of the race, working through her, took care of that, precluding any temperamental rebellion of her distinctive personality. Her battle was solely against the denial of freedom.

"The girl was docile, and for a time he imagined that there would never be conflict between his will and hers. . . . His devotion to her proved itself in a thousand ways; week after week he grew, if anything, more kind, more tender; yet in his view of their relations he was unconsciously the most complete despot, a monument of male autocracy. Never had it occurred to Widdowson that a wife remains an individual, with rights and obligations independent of her wifely condition. Everything he said presupposed his own supremacy; he took for granted that it was his to direct, hers to be guided. A display of energy, purpose, ambition, on Monica's part, which had no reference to domestic pursuits, would have gravely troubled him; at once he would have set himself to subdue, with all gentleness, impulses so inimical to his idea of the married state. . . . 'Woman's sphere is the home, Monica. Unfortunately, girls are often obliged to go out and earn their living, but this is unnatural, a necessity which advanced civilization will altogether abolish. You shall read John Ruskin; every word he says about women is good and precious. If a woman can neither have a home of her own, nor find occupation in anyone else's, she is deeply to be pitied; her life is bound to be unhappy. I sincerely believe that an educated woman had better become a domestic servant than try to imitate the life of a man.'"

I have been thinking that there are people who would say that George Gissing took life quite too seriously. When too much tragedy enters any life, the remark has a cruel sound. I do not see how the sadness and heaviness of Monica's fate or of Rhoda Nunn's could have been averted. One is glad to have Monica die, since one does not see how she could ever achieve a self-sustaining life. And Rhoda Nunn could never have been instrumental in the work of infusing any other spirit into her lover than a delight in conquest. Rhoda *could* take up life again, grown immeasurably through her disappointment and disillusion. But taking up life again is not happiness at first hand,—a better, perhaps; one may even feel sure that it is better,—but a part of taking life seriously.

I was often reminded, by the sharpness of contrast, of Ernst von Wolzogen's "Das dritte Geschlecht." There is a certain community of interest between "the third sex" and "the odd women." In "Das dritte Geschlecht" there is a free union which melts into a marriage of convenience, and a new birth of the somewhat frivolous (?) Lilli von Kobiceck who charms all men unduly. All these problems are touched with a lighter hand, but never in a weak way. I think that Ernst von Wolzogen always finds room and scope for the poetry of life, and, with all his deftness of touch, never admits any phase of existence quite apart from it.

Monica did not drift into a marriage for refuge and support directly from her apprenticeship in the drapery establishment of Messrs. Scotcher & Co. Its thirteen and a half hours' work every week day and sixteen on Saturday, and its bread and cheese Sunday diet might easily be impelling forces. In her case something intervened; but it could not reach her at that phase in her evolution.

"Monica could not become quite at ease. This energetic woman had little attraction for her. She saw the characteristics which made Virginia enthusiastic, but feared rather than admired them. To put herself in Miss Nunn's hands might possibly result in a worse form of bondage than she suffered at the shop; she would never be able to please such a person, and failure, she imagined, would result in more or less contemptuous dismissal."

Until the last, I did not feel at all drawn to Rhoda Nunn. While her enthusiasm appealed to me, her hotheadedness repelled me as all people repel me who, in their haste and heat, walk over good and valuable human kind, with a denial of any worth or beauty that is not in line with their high-handed ambitions. That is, Rhoda Nunn was an enthusiast, and admirable as such; but not lovable. Perhaps ambitious is almost an unkind word to apply to her; but her ambitions were not aspirations. And there were negative causes for her zeal over new work for women; because "immorality" in sex was intolerable to her and the thought of sex almost unpleasant. That, taken by itself, is an unfair—because inadequate—characterization of her. She did have, also, a recognition that there was a world's work and that she wanted to help in it. But she had lost something out of her conception of the beauty of life and she denied this loss. She could have an enthusiasm about the world's work, but there was a strain of unheartedness about her. Mary Barfoot had lost nothing, for, although she was restricted in her sympathies and did not include in her work "the lower classes," she never *deliberately* excluded from her compassion, never hardened her heart, never shut away any part of herself as unworthy. And her acknowledged, definitized, self-approved limitation of sympathies jarred upon me less than Rhoda Nunn's shortcomings. I cannot quite understand why. Perhaps it was because her exclusions had no moral element that I could admire her in spite of them.

As regards her special work, she aimed to "draw

from the overstocked profession of teaching as many capable young women as she could lay hands on, and to fit them for certain of the pursuits nowadays thrown open to their sex. She held the conviction that, whatever man could do, woman could do equally well—those tasks only excepted which demand great physical strength."

Into this work she invites Monica, but when Rhoda Nunn lays the plan before her, there is hesitation.

"Then of a sudden, as if she had divined these thoughts, Rhoda assumed an air of gaiety, of frank kindness.

"'So it is your birthday?—I no longer keep count of mine, and couldn't tell you without a calculation what I am exactly. It doesn't matter, you see. Thirty-one or fifty-one is much the same for a woman who has made up her mind to live alone and work steadily for a definite object. But you are still a young girl, Monica. My best wishes!'

"Monica emboldened herself to ask what the object was for which her friend worked.

"'How shall I put it?' replied the other, smiling. 'To make women hard-hearted.'

"'Hard-hearted?—I think I understand.'

"'Do you?'

"'You mean that you like to see them live unmarried.'

"Rhoda laughed merrily.

"'You say that almost with resentment.'

"'No—indeed—I didn't intend it.'

"Monica reddened a little.

"'Nothing more natural, if you had done. At your age, I should have resented it.'

"'But'—the girl hesitated—'don't you approve of anyone marrying?'

"'Oh, I'm not so severe!—But do you know that there are half a million more women than men in this happy country of ours?'

"'Half a million!' echoed Monica.

"Her naïve alarm again excited Rhoda to laughter.

"'Something like that, they say. So many *odd* women—no making a pair with them. The pessimists call them useless, lost, futile lives. I, naturally,—being one of them myself,—take another view. I look upon them as a great reserve. When one woman vanishes in matrimony, the reserve offers a substitute for the world's work. True, they are not all trained yet—far from it, I want to help in that—to train the reserve.'

"'But married women are not idle,' protested Monica earnestly.

"'Not all of them. Some cook and rock cradles.'"

Miss Barfoot's work had its disappointments. Among others, a girl whom she had released from much hardship, suddenly disappeared and was discovered living with a married man. She resisted all efforts to bring her back, and when Monica was brought to the notice of these friends, Bella Royston had been lost sight of for a year. Then came a letter from her. Miss Barfoot showed it to her co-worker.

"Rhoda took the sheet and quickly ran through its contents. Her face hardened, and she threw down the letter with a smile of contempt.

"'What do you advise?' asked the elder woman, closely observing her.

"'An answer in two lines—with a cheque enclosed, if you see fit.'

"'Does that really meet the case?'

"'More than meets it, I should say.'

"Miss Barfoot pondered.

"'I am doubtful. That is a letter of despair, and I can't close my ears to it.'

"'You had an affection for the girl. Help her, by all means, if you feel compelled to. But you would hardly dream of taking her back again?'

"'That's the point. Why shouldn't I?'

"'For one thing,' replied Rhoda, looking coldly down upon her friend, 'you will never do any good with her. For another, she isn't a suitable companion for the girls she would meet here.'

"'I can't be sure of either objection. She acted with deplorable rashness, with infatuation, but I never discovered any sign of evil in her. Did you?'

"'Evil? Well, what does the word mean? I am not a puritan, and I don't judge her as the ordinary woman would. But I think she has put herself altogether beyond our sympathy. She was twenty-two years old,—no child,—and she acted with her eyes open. No deceit was practised with her. She knew the man had a wife, and she was base enough to accept a share of his—attentions. Do you advocate polygamy? That is an intelligible position, I admit. It is one way of meeting the social difficulty. But not mine.'

"'My dear Rhoda, don't enrage yourself.'

"'I will try not to.'

"'But I can't see the temptation to do so. Come and sit down, and talk quietly.—No, I have no fondness for polygamy. I find it very hard to understand how she could act as she did. But a mistake, however wretched, mustn't condemn a woman for life. That's the way of the world, and decidedly it mustn't be ours.'

"'On this point, I practically agree with the world.'

"'I see you do, and it astonishes me. You are going through curious changes, in several respects. A year ago you didn't speak of her like this.'

"'Partly because I didn't know you well enough to speak my mind. Partly—yes, I have changed a good deal, no doubt. But I should never have proposed to take her by the hand and let bygones be bygones. That is an amiable impulse, but anti-social.'

"'A favorite word on your lips just now, Rhoda. Why is it anti-social?'

"'Because one of the supreme social needs of our day is the education of women in self-respect and self-restraint. There are plenty of people—men chiefly, but a few women also of a certain temperament—who cry for a reckless individualism in such matters. They would tell you that she behaved laudably, that she was *living out herself*—and things of that kind. But I didn't think you shared such views.'

"'I don't, altogether.—"The education of women in self-respect." Very well. Here is a poor woman whose self-respect has given way under grievous temptation. Circumstances have taught her that she made a wild mistake. The man gives her up, and bids her live as she can; she is reduced to beggary. Now, in that position a girl is tempted to sink still further. The letter of two lines and an enclosed cheque would as likely as not plunge her into depths from which she could never be rescued. It would assure her that there was no hope. On the other hand, we have it in our power to attempt that very education of which you speak. She has brains and doesn't belong to the vulgar. It seems to me that you are moved by illogical impulses—and certainly anything but kind ones.'

"Rhoda only grew more stubborn.

"'You say she yielded to a grievous temptation. What temptation? Will it bear putting into words?'

"'Oh, yes, I think it will,' answered Miss Barfoot, with her gentlest smile. 'She fell in love with the man.'

"'Fell in love!' Concentration of scorn was in this echo. 'Oh, for what isn't that phrase responsible!'

"'Rhoda, let me ask you a question on which I have never ventured. Do you know what it is to be in love?'

"Miss Nunn's strong features were moved as if by a suppressed laugh; the color of her cheeks grew very slightly warm.

"'I am a normal human being,' she answered, with an impatient gesture. 'I understand perfectly well what the phrase signifies.'

"'That is no answer, my dear. Have you ever been in love with any man?'

"'Yes, when I was fifteen.'

"'And not since,' rejoined the other, shaking her head and smiling. 'No, not since?'

"'Thank heaven, no!'

"'Then you are not very well able to judge this case. I, on the other hand, can judge it with the very largest understanding.—Don't smile so witheringly, Rhoda.—I shall neglect your advice for once.'"

Some extracts from one of her monthly addresses to her girls will give the spirit and tenor of Miss Barfoot's work and plans. The subject announced was "Woman as an Invader." "They point to half-a-dozen occupations which are deemed strictly suitable for women. Why don't we confine ourselves to this ground? Why don't I encourage girls to become governesses, hospital nurses, and so on? . . . To put the truth in a few words, I am not chiefly anxious that you should *earn money*, but that women in general shall become *rational and responsible human beings*. Follow me carefully. A governess, a nurse, may be the most admirable of women. I will dissuade no one from following those careers who is distinctly fitted for them. But these are only a few out of the vast number of girls who must, if they are not to be despicable persons, somehow find serious work. Because I myself have had an education in clerkship, and have most capacity for such employment, I look about for girls of like mind, and do my best to prepare them for work in offices. And (here I must become emphatic once more) I am *glad* to have entered on this course. I am *glad* that I can show girls the way to a career which my opponents call unwomanly. . . . A womanly occupation means, practically, an occupation that a man disdains. And here is the root of the matter. I repeat that I am not first of all anxious to keep you supplied with daily bread. I am a troublesome, aggressive, revolutionary person. I want to do away with that common confusion of the words womanly and womanish, and I see very clearly that this can only be effected by an armed movement, an invasion by women of the spheres which men have always forbidden us to enter. . . . We live in a time of warfare, of revolt. If woman is no longer to be womanish, but a human being of powers and responsibilities, she must become militant, defiant. She must push her claims to the extremity.

"An excellent governess, a perfect hospital nurse, do work which is invaluable; but for our cause of emancipation they are no good; nay, they are harmful. Men point to them, and say: Imitate these, keep to your proper world. Our proper world is the world of intelligence, of honest effort, of moral strength. The old types of womanly perfection are no longer helpful to us. . . . They are no longer educational. We have to ask ourselves: What course of training will wake women up, make them conscious of their souls, startle them into healthy activity? It must be something new, something free from the reproach of womanliness. I don't care whether we crowd out the men or not. I don't care *what* results, if only women are made strong and self-reliant and nobly independent. The world must look to its concerns. Most likely we shall have a revolution in the social order greater than any that yet seems possible. Let it come, and let *us* help its coming. When I think of the contemptible wretchedness of women enslaved by custom, by their weakness, by their desires, I am ready to cry: Let the world perish in tumult rather than things go on in this way!

"Our abusive correspondent shall do as best he can. He suffers for the folly of men in all ages. We can't help it. It is very far from our wish to cause hardship to anyone, but we ourselves are escaping from a hardship that has become intolerable. We are educating ourselves. . . . Because we have to set an example to the sleepy of our sex, we must carry on an active warfare, must be invaders. Whether woman is the equal of man, I neither know nor care. We are not his equal in size, in weight, in muscle, and, for all I can say, we may have less power of brain. That has nothing to do with it. Enough for us to know that our natural growth has been stunted. The mass of women have always been paltry creatures, and their paltriness has proved a curse to men. So, if you like to put it in this way, we are working for the advantage of men as well as for our own. Let the responsibility for disorder rest on those who have made us despise our old selves."

BERTHA MARVIN.

In my opinion a man's first duty is to find a way of supporting himself, thereby relieving other people of the necessity of supporting him.—*Huxley.*

The Anarchistic View of the Expansion Question.

[A paper read by Joseph A. Labadie before the Detroit Economic League.]

At our last meeting national expansion was ably presented from the democratic and the republican standpoints. Mr. Moore was the lawyer; Mr. Tarsney the pleader for human rights; Mr. Hughson the politico-religious missionary soldier, who would carry the gospel and the so-called Anglo-Saxon civilization to all the world, at the point of the bayonet if need be.

I want to give you briefly the Anarchist position, which is really the democratic one carried to its logical ultimate.

Mr. Tarsney very effectively quoted the Declaration of Independence, that the right to life, to liberty, and to the pursuit of happiness are inalienable—in other words, that these rights cannot justly be subject to commercial transactions.

It does not seem to me that these rights should be taken from any one, unless he forfeits them by his own conduct. If he attempts to take your life, or liberty, or property without your consent you are justified in defending your own by restraining him or even killing him if necessary. By his aggression he forfeits the rights enumerated.

The right to life is really one that comes to us by contract, by agreement, expressly made or implied. There is no natural right to life. Nature recognizes no such right. I will make no attempt to kill you if you do not attempt to kill me lies at the base of human society. I might say further that all rights arise from the desire to get the greatest degree of happiness with a given amount of effort, happiness being the great desideratum of life.

That the creator endowed us with any inalienable rights may be open to question. I do not presume to know whether he did or not, but I do know that if he did the endowment has been splendidly misused. Let us assume, however, that these enumerated rights are just rights. What follows? Is not the right to life nullified if there be no provision to make it effective? It needs no argument to prove that access to land—meaning by that term all the natural forces and elements outside of man himself—is necessary to sustain life. If, therefore, the right to life be inalienable, does it not follow inevitably that the right to the means of sustaining life is also inalienable?

But how do the facts harmonize with the Declaration's theory of rights? Is it not true that all those people who do not have land must buy it or rent it? And does not this fact prove beyond question that we must buy our right to live?

The Declaration of Independence has practically been accepted as the social contract and has become the rule of conduct of nearly all those calling themselves American. Those, however, who would question the soundness of its conclusions must fall back upon that other theory that might is right. Any one holding this theory must not shrink from its practical application, and, if I be stronger than he, there is no valid ground for him to dissent if I take his property, his liberty, his life if I choose. Whichever theory you accept, do not evade its legitimate conclusions.

The right to liberty is one that has yet to be gained, because we do not now enjoy it. No one is free who is subject to another. If we are to escape social censure or legal punishment we must regulate our conduct to suit the notions of others rather than to follow our own inclinations. Why should we not be permitted to say and do whatsoever we will so long as we do not invade the equal rights of another? But is it not a fact that you must be in the fashion relative to your clothes, your religion, your mode of living, and your conduct generally; that you must not have individuality enough to distinguish yourself from the crowd, if you do not want the hoodlum element in human nature to make itself manifest, to your annoyance and detriment? Dull mediocrity is the condition of life which takes one through this world with the least friction. One meets but few persons who are not tyrants. Our whole social, political, and industrial systems are prolific breeding grounds for little czars. Either the wife or the husband is ruler of the household; the industrial boss holds your material interests in his hands, and your only remedy for his impudence and exactions is to take a walk—and get a worse one; the political boss, from the ward heeler to the president of the United States, has his hands in your pockets and helps himself to your own earnings without as much as by your leave. And even the minister of the gospel, the religious boss, threatens you with eternal damnation, in a hell of his own invention, if you do not contribute liberally to his salary and square your conduct with his own notions. Individuality seems to be a thing to be despised. Obedience! obedience! obedience to the commands of the bosses is the price of so-called "good" citizenship, is the trinity of social salvation! Ye gods, how I admire a rebel against all of this debasement, against all of this littleness!

> Of what avail the plough and sail—
> Or land or life, if freedom fail?

is Emerson's pertinent query.

It was Mr. Tarsney, I think, who said that we love liberty. This is a mistake. This was only a little salve spread upon the bruises which he gave some of your minds and consciences. No one who loves liberty will deprive another of it, and no one will violate that which he loves. The fact that people are striving with all their might for political, industrial or other dominion over their fellows is conclusive evidence that they love authority more than liberty. The only one who loves liberty is the avowed Anarchist. He makes Liberty the foundation of his political creed.

Let me quote what the most profound social philosopher of any age wrote 50 years ago. Josiah Warren did not use the word Anarchism to express his thought, but the fact that he was the teacher of leading Anarchists of this country and that they have practically adopted his little work called "True Civilization" as a text-book of their philosophy, is proof that his thought is the Anarchistic thought:

"Liberty! Freedom! Right! The vital principle of happiness! The one perfect law! The soul of everything that exalts and refines us! The one sacred sound that touches a sympathetic chord in every living breast! The watchword of every revolution in the holy cause of suffering humanity! Freedom! The last lingering word whispered from the dying martyr's quivering lips! The one precious boon—the atmosphere of heaven. The 'one mighty breath, which shall, like a whirlwind, scatter in its breeze the whole dark pile of human mockeries.' When is liberty to take up its abode on earth?

"What is liberty? Who will allow me to define it for him, and agree beforehand to square his life by my definition? Who does not wish to see it first, and sit in judgment on it, and decide for himself as to its propriety? And who does not see that it is his own individual interpretation of the word that he adopts? And who will agree to square his whole life by any rule, which, although good at present, may not prove applicable to all cases? Who does not wish to preserve his liberty to act according to the peculiarities or individualities of future cases, and to sit in judgment on the merits of each, and to change or vary from time to time with new developments and increasing knowledge? Each individual being thus at liberty at all times, would be sovereign of himself. No greater amount of liberty can be conceived—any less would not be liberty! Liberty defined and limited by others is slavery! Liberty, then, is the sovereignty of the individual; and never shall man know liberty until each and every individual is acknowledged to be the only legitimate sovereign of his or her person, time, and property, each living and acting at his own cost; and not until we live in society where each can exercise this inalienable right of sovereignty at all times without clashing with, or violating, that of others.

In the language of our own John Hay:

> For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
> Shines that high light whereby *the world is saved;*
> And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee!

Alas! for human weakness, the writer of these noble words is a member of Mr. Roosevelt's official family, which sanctions the slaying of the heroic brown men, who are resisting the invasion of their right to life, liberty, and property!

Yes, every one wants liberty for himself, but he has not yet learned the lesson that he cannot have liberty, true liberty, for himself until he is willing to grant it to others. Mind your own business and let your neighbor's business alone is not only the bedrock of Anarchism, but in its practical application alone can social harmony come to us and guarantee us all the happiness possible in this world.

Indeed, did not Mr. Hughson confidently tell us that we respect all those in authority over us? I deny him the right to speak for me. Instead of respecting authority, I have naught but disrespect for it. I can find no merit in paying respect to those who against my will presume to hold my interests and liberties in their hands, even though they may have been delegated that power by the crowd—by the majority, if you will—through the ballot-box. What you individually have no right to do, you cannot delegate to others. All rights originate in the individual. It is placing society on its head to say that rights originate from the collectivity instead of from the individual.

Until you free yourself from the gross superstition that there is something sacred about officeholders and government you can never have a true conception of liberty.

(*To be concluded.*)

Nice People Are Dangerous.

[New York Sun.]

It appears that a sort of literary house cleaning is going on in the Brooklyn public libraries. The officers, male and female, are throwing out those volumes which they regard as unfit for the average reader. It is stated that no list has been drawn up and that the custodians are going ahead, each one expurgating as seems fit in his or her eyes. It is admitted that Balzac has gone by the board. With his as a test case, it is easy to guess what has been the fate of Boccaccio, Rabelais, Fielding, and Smollett. But, really, why should Burns, Byron, Shelley, Whitman, and Swinburne escape? Why allow the youth of the neighboring borough to be corrupted by the works of Tolstoy and the other Russians? Ibsen, according to a veteran critic of this town, is Ibsene. There are those who hold that much of Shakspere is improper. But, when you come to think of it, it is dangerous to have nice people with nasty minds in charge of public libraries.

Too Hard on a Kleptomaniac.

[L'Aurore.]

I note that some newspapers can scarcely conceal their surprise that an American millionaire, who stole a check for ten thousand pounds sterling, and who has been sentenced for this crime to seven years in prison, has been taken handcuffed to the penitentiary and there forced to don the convict's striped garb.

Would they desire that he go to prison in an automobile and lounge around there in his smoking jacket with a bouquet in his buttonhole?

Exception to the Freedom.

[The Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.]

Johnny—This is a free country, isn't it, pa?

Father—It is, unless you belong to the union and have to go on strike when you'd rather work, or unless you don't belong to the union and get hit in the head with a brick when you want to work.

To Boston Anarchists.

Everybody interested in our Social Science Class is requested to be present on Sunday, February 5, at 3 o'clock, p. m., in office of Mr. Mikol, 314 Boylston Street. Those who have not yet sent their names and addresses will please do so at once, so notices can be sent them of change of meeting place, etc.

A. H. Simpson,
18 Huntington Avenue, Boston.

Faith in the Future.

[Huxley.]

Thoughtful men, once escaped from the blinding influence of traditional prejudices, will find in the lowly stock whence man has sprung the best evidence of the splendor of his capacities; and will discern, in his long progress through the past, a reasonable ground of faith in his attainment of a nobler future.

Burton's Plea.

[Kansas City World.]

That letter of Senator Burton's to Frank Grimes hasn't exactly the right ring to it. When a man begins to talk about trusting in the Lord for vindication it usually means that he is a trifle short on mundane proofs.

Why Are Sheep Sheep?

[Puck.]

"Why do sailors get tattoed?"

"Well, it's just like your wearin' them yachtin' togs—ain't no particklar reason except that other fools is doin' it."

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